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eyes for ten years broke upon the country it took him by surprise. The ardor of his temperament, the eagerness of his ambition, makes his conduct at times painfully resemble that of a selfish demagogue. But the range of his vision was small. He erred less from the corruption of the heart than from deficiency of the mind. But what statesman of note during those strange and portentous years preceding the war could safely expose his speech and conduct to the searchlight of criticism? The wisest walked in darkness and stumbled often. It was not the fate of Douglas to see the mists amid which he groped, swept away by the hurricane of war," (p. 238).

With the author's final conclusion "young as he was, he had outlived his historic era, and there is a dramatic fitness in the ending of his career at this time," we cannot agree.

Perhaps Alexander H. Stephens overstates the matter when he regards the death of Douglas "as one of the greatest calamities, under the dispensation of Providence, which befell the country in the beginning of these troubles." (Vol. II, p. 421), but we are inclined to believe that had Douglas survived the war and wielded any large share of his old influence during the trying days of Reconstruction, many of the blunders of that period would have been avoided and the solid South of today would be less of a dreadful reality.

A somewhat careless use of pronouns and a number of obvious typographical errors mar the book, but taking it all in all it deserves a wide and careful reading.

EDWARD McMAHON.

McDonald of Oregon. By Eva Emery Dye. (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1906. Pp. 395.)

This is the latest story of Oregon's famed author. It is one of the best. To the people of the State of Washington and of the present generation it will unquestionably be the most entertaining. It concerns their locality, their home, their country—the Washington of which we are justly so proud. It is about their fathers, their mothers, their friends of the past, and, in the cases of the older surviving pioneers, themselves. It is history, romance, poetry.

Ranald McDonald, the hero, was one of the old Hudson Bay men, his father coming before that company, and the son being born at Fort George, the first settlement on the Pacific slope north of California. A very attractive story is weaved about him, the events being located in "Old Oregon," on the ocean and in Japan. These events concern, among others, the Indians of the first half of the Nineteenth Century—Cumcumly, Seattle,

Kamiakin, the Chinooks, the Cayuses, the Clallams and the rest. One chapter is devoted to the first war expedition on Puget Sound, when the Clallams were attacked by the Hudson Bay men, in 1828, in retaliation for a previous attack by them on a party of fur traders bound from Fort Langley to Fort Vancouver. The boy McDonald, on board the historic schooner, *Cadboro*, was with the attacking white men, who then taught the savage and warlike Clallams a lesson they never forgot. Mrs. Dye's narrative of this expedition is based upon the journal of Frank Ermatinger, one of the participants in the expedition, copy of which has been furnished by her to the *Quarterly*, and appears elsewhere in this issue. McDonald bore a charmed life, passing unscathed through adventures and vicissitudes of startling and wonderful character. Thrillingly interesting is the account of his going to Japan, his doings there, and the results. While much is made of McDonald in the book, McLoughlin, Douglas, Tolmie, Work, Stevens, Yesler, Denny, Maynard, Shaw, and hundreds of others of the first men and women of the country are entrancingly written of. Mrs. Dye always sees to it that the women in her books are fairly treated, and so in this, Mrs. Huggins, Mrs. Blaine, Angeline and the others—both Indian and white—figure prominently, creditably and readably.

It would be pleasant, indeed, to give this book further review and commendation, but, instead, it will, perhaps, be just as well, if not better, to give an idea of the manner of work of the talented author in securing the materials upon which this publication was based.

Mrs. Dye says the story of McDonald came to her accidentally while hunting out the facts for her "*McLoughlin and Old Oregon*." All the old Hudson Bay men said, "You ought to see Ranauld McDonald. He knows more about McLoughlin than anybody." When she did find McDonald at old Fort Colville, and told him she was going to call McLoughlin "*The King of the Columbia*," he jokingly said "What, madame, call McLoughlin King of the Columbia! Why, madame, I am the King of the Columbia," and when he told his story, including his adventure in Japan, Mrs. Dye realized that here she had matter for another and greater book than the McLoughlin she then had in mind, and so carefully refrained from mentioning McDonald in that work, retaining this new hero for a book by himself. Arrangements were in progress for the McDonald story when McDonald himself suddenly died, not, however, until he had directed her to various sources of information on his remarkable career. Many letters and some manuscripts he had attempted to prepare had been loaned to Malcolm McLeod, of Ottawa, which he was unable to get back. After McDonald's

death Mrs. Dye wrote several times to Mr. McLeod at Ottawa, but could obtain no response. Efforts in other directions were equally unavailing. One day, in great discouragement, Mrs. Dye was returning from Portland to Oregon City on the trolley when she took the only vacant seat, at the side of Rev. J. H. B. Beaven, now pastor of the Park Street Baptist Church of Walla Walla. A slight conversation ensued, in which Mr. Beaven casually referred to the climate of Eastern Washington. Full of her subject Mrs. Dye immediately asked: "Were you ever at Fort Colville, and did you know Ranald McDonald?" "I knew him well," was the reply. "I visited the old man in his last years, and he told me he had a manuscript stolen by some one in Canada, some account of his travels and doings in Japan." "The very manuscript I am in search of!" exclaimed Mrs. Dye, more determined than ever to continue her quest.

About this time Mrs. Dye succeeded in interesting the private secretary of the Premier of British Columbia, Mr. R. E. Gosnell, later and better known as the editor of the *Victoria Colonist*. "I am going to Ottawa on official business," said Mr. Gosnell, "and I will look the matter up." In a few days Mr. Gosnell telegraphed that Malcolm McLeod was dead, and the unsettled state of his affairs had caused the delay, as his papers were in the hands of litigants. Again he wired: "I have the manuscript. Will bring it to Victoria." Scarcely had Mr. Gosnell reached Victoria before Mrs. Dye was ready for her journey, but while drawing on her gloves to start, came the word: "As Parliament is in session, I shall not have time to attend to the McDonald matter now." Mrs. Dye, however, went, and from Seattle sent word, "I shall not interfere with your Parliament; all I want is the manuscript." Although surprised at her appearance in Victoria, Mr. Gosnell received the American author very courteously, permitting her to examine McDonald's Japanese papers in a vacant wing of the Parliament building now rapidly filling up with arriving legislators of British Columbia. As Mr. Gosnell was unwilling to give up the papers, and feeling, too, that in a way they belonged to Victoria, Mrs. Dye resolved to take notes of what she could, but a few hours examination revealed that notes would be of no avail in such a mass of important and valuable matter. It happened that two public stenographers were stationed in different rooms of the wing, and to them Mrs. Dye applied for aid in intervals when provincial statesmen were not dictating private letters or public papers. The girls became greatly interested, came early, and kept their typewriters clicking until the janitors shut the doors at night, until one day the whole Parliament burst in with the sergeant-at-arms swinging his baton, "Clear out! Clear out! Parliament has gone into

committee of the whole," at the same time rushing the typewriters out of the room. The frightened women gathered up the precious sheets and fled precipitately, flushed with anxiety and excitement over the scattered pieces. Hurriedly all was arranged, the girls offering to finish the last paragraph, which they were now rapidly approaching. "No," said Mrs. Dye, "I have enough, I have the story," and, paying them, she departed with her treasure for Seattle and Oregon City. Finding many breaks and discrepancies, Mrs. Dye later obtained a loan of the numerous letters she had been unable to copy, and filled out many details of McDonald's experiences in Japan.

Another long search was made in Washington by Senator Charles W. Fulton, to obtain the government depositions made by McDonald when he was rescued by an American war vessel. These had been published in a Senate document that stirred Commodore Perry to the Japan expedition in 1852, but no spare copies could be found in the public archives. By good luck, however, Senator Fulton found a yellowed, old, weather-beaten copy in a second hand book store in Washington, for which he paid two dollars and a half, a little bunch of mildewed leaves that any casual observer might have considered waste paper.

Still a third search ensued for an old volume, "The Voyage of the Morrison," that Judge Wickersham, of Alaska, said he had once seen, giving an account of the Japanese castaways so often mentioned in McLoughlin and other Hudson Bay documents. An examination of libraries of the United States at last revealed an antiquated copy in the Boston Public Library. This was drawn out for Mrs. Dye by the late Dr. Judson Smith, Secretary of the American Board of Foreign Missions, who forwarded it to his old-time pupil at Oregon City. The precious book was received, read and returned to its place in the Boston Library in exactly fourteen days—the two weeks allowed for the ordinary use of a library book—a remarkable feat when the distance and difficulties of the journey are considered. The wildest dream of the pioneers never pictured Pacific Coast readers drawing books from the Boston Public Library, and returning them with the ease and promptness of dwellers in the vicinity of the Hub.

Hawaiian, Canadian and American newspapers of a half century ago, revealed additional contemporary accounts of the McDonald affair that seems then to have created profound sensation.

Mrs. Dye has received many fine letters concerning her latest publication, of which the following, from Dr. William Elliot Griffis, author of "The Mikado's Empire," is a sample:

"Congratulations on your book 'McDonald of Oregon,' which I have begun to read, and which will probably spoil another night for me. I am glad that you can shout Eureka! while I am still in the tub. For years I have been trying to ferret out Ranald McDonald's whereabouts and personality, or footprints on the sands of time, but all inquiries and postage stamps, and machine made and autograph letters were alike in vain. But I am glad that you have found out the person and the facts, and added some prisms of fancy to make a winsome 'Tale of Two Shores.' I am hoping some day to write more fully the story of the January and February of Japan's present June, and show some of the secrets of the outflowing of a nation. I am glad you have fulfilled my prophesy, that the story of McDonald would one day be fully written, and wish you all success."

These notes will give the reader an idea of how this latest Pacific Coast book came to be written, of the troubles of the enthusiastic and industrious author in getting together her materials and information, and of the value of the work to us all on this Pacific Coast. In connection with her historical and literary labors Mrs. Dye has, during the past few years, got together thousands of letters, pamphlets, reports, manuscripts, documents, etc., with which she has richly endowed the Oregon Historical Society, securing which, cost her much trouble and much money, and the value of which is very great.

THOMAS W. PROSCH.

The Electoral System of the United States. By J. Hampden Dougherty. (New York: Putnam's Sons.)

This is the most elaborate history of the electoral count so far published, and traces in a very satisfactory manner the struggles over the electoral count from 1789 to the passage of the Act of 1887. This history of the count is followed by a chapter on the Appointments of Electors, another on the amendments offered relative to the elective system, and finally a suggested remedy by the author.

After one has read this carefully written work through he cannot help being struck by what seems to be an utter incapacity of Congress to deal with a question that has not been made a vital issue between political parties. That the subject of the electoral count has been of vital importance we all know and that it may again become such the author clearly shows, and yet almost every attempt at securing a remedy has been a questionable makeshift. The reason why the framers of the constitution did not provide for some adequate means of counting disputed returns, is of course known to all. Under the system laid down by them it was hard to see how disputed returns could